

LIVESEY'S MORAL REFORMER

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, WEEKLY, BY J. LIVESEY, 28, CHURCH-STREET, PRESTON.

No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1838.

ONE PENNY.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

We have a prevailing desire for the enjoyment of happiness, but mankind entertain a great variety of opinions as to the mode of obtaining it. There is, however, one species of happiness respecting which there is but little diversity of opinion, and that is, *domestic happiness*. Though a few may never desire it, and though others may never attain its enjoyment, there scarcely can be two opinions, in the abstract, as to its importance. It is of divine origin; it grows with the growth of virtue, and is nourished and caressed by all the wise and good. The sound of its name is enchanting: the correctness of its principles; the sympathy of its ties; the peaceful, composed, and gladdening effects of its dominion; and the stability of its blessings, give it a grace and a character most endearing to man. Domestic happiness! thou safe retreat from all the turbulent scenes of life! thou salutary stay to the wandering desires of mortals! thou resting place along the thorny and rugged path of life! thou tuner of the heart to sympathy, charity, and contentment! thou remaining corner of earthly paradise! thou school of virtue, and preparation for a better world! before thy shrine I humbly bow, and, to acquire thy favour, there are but few earthly blessings with which I would not part. The praises of ages belong to thee; all tongues acknowledge the superiority of thy gifts. If we ask the wooing swains what it is that glitters in their imaginations; which turns months into weeks and weeks into days—if we ask the newly married pair what induced them to leave father and mother, and what are those exquisite prospects with which they seem elated;—if we ask the social pair at the age of forty, rearing a numerous family who now surround their board, what has cheered them along the way—if we enquire of the decrepid man and woman of four score years, what is the last earthly comfort of which they would be deprived,—all with one voice exclaim—**DOMESTIC HAPPINESS!**

"It is not good for man to be alone;" nor, so far as his own immediate happiness is concerned, is it good for him to be leagued with a multitude. We cannot define the exact limits of association, but it is clear, from experience, that the greatest social happiness is of a *household* character. But whence is its origin, and what are the means whereby we may obtain the blessing? Is it the offspring of honour, power, or wealth? Are palaces the ordinary places of its abode? or are sumptuous feasts, a splendid equipage, or gallant deeds, the marks by which it is known? Alas! here is the delusion. Fancying that domestic happiness is allied to affluence, and can never germinate in any other soil, men seek it where it cannot be found, and overlook it when near at hand.—Though it is excluded from no condition of life, it makes the place where there is "neither poverty nor riches," its favourite abode. The extremely poor cannot enjoy much domestic happiness; the extravagantly rich know little but the name: it is a plant indigenous to the temperate zone, and there alone is found in its healthiest state. Character as well as circumstances is an indispensable auxiliary. By a careful adaptation and an assimilation of this, we may command a large portion of domestic happi-

ness. Though every observer may speak of the blessing, and trace its characteristics, yet the man and the woman, or the family, who really enjoy this heaven-born gift, find it impossible to convey to a stranger, through the medium of words, an accurate idea of its pleasures:—it must be experienced to be known.

To begin with a happy couple. With united hearts they cherish a faithful regard to their first and mutual pledge of love; they avoid not only the license of improper wishes, but the very appearance of any such evil. Differing as they may do in some things, they respect each other's judgments; and where unity cannot be had, they supply its place with forbearance. Convinced of each other's sincerity, and anxious to promote each other's good, they proceed with mutual confidence and delight. United together for better and for worse, while performing their parts with the best intentions, if the result is not always satisfactory, they submit with mutual complacency. They have no divided interests; no motives for concealments; but, like true help-mates, they labour together, and the success of one is the success of both. They have but *one* home, and they would be ashamed to prefer the enjoyments of any other place. The wife avoids the disgraceful habit of gossiping, and the husband, except on necessary occasions, prefers his own fire-side. They join in sweet consultation as to the order of the house, the tutoring of the children, the expending of their money, and the management of every branch of family affairs. The judgment and prudence displayed by a good husband renders it unnecessary to put in his claim to rule, for the wife delights in the opportunity of submitting to his wishes. The best, however, are not free from imperfections, from errors of judgment, and from little fits of bad temper, but these are neither frequent nor settled faults; and their effects are like those of the thunder storm in summer—a purer atmosphere and a bluer sky. The suspension of good offices, by those whose hearts are right, is but a gain of power, by which to rivet the affections closer than before. The husband loves his wife, and values her at a price far above rubies; the wife respects and reverences her husband, and delights to see him pleased, and makes it her highest ambition to deserve his esteem.

But I must notice the children—the dear children. And, first, the lovely babe hanging at the breast—see a mother's embrace, and listen to a mother's blessing. Next, the prattling child of three years old, makes its circles on the floor, and then by its pretty tales, and infant eloquence, commands a seat upon its father's knee:—the elder boys and girls, all in their proper places, acting as they are told, speaking or keeping silence as decorum seems fit. Each one, feeling interested in the happiness of the family, seems delighted to promote its increase. Though not without the thoughtlessness of childhood, nor the fallings of humanity, yet they are afraid of displeasing their parents, and have no enjoyment without their smile. They are not governed by stern authority, but by the inculcation of good principles, by good example, and by being convinced that their duty and their interest are inseparably connected. They are dealt with according to their known dispositions, and the temptations to which they are exposed, and are guarded from evil by all that parental anxiety

can devise. The elder are taught to consider themselves examples to the younger, and the younger are enjoined to submit to the elder. Every reasonable indulgence is allowed, and nothing enforced that would alienate their affections from their parents or their home. The father is proud of his offspring; he loves them as his own life; and for their support and education, he labours cheerfully, and even suffers privation. He delights to imbue their minds with heavenly principles, to direct their feet into wisdom's ways, and to stimulate them to every thing that is good by his own example. So important is it "to teach the young idea how to shoot," that he considers it his bounden duty to call them together to give them a father's lessons. Neither day nor Sunday-schools are his proxies; in moral and religious matters he teaches them *himself*. He delights in the prospect of bequeathing to society such children as will do honour to themselves and to their species.

In this supposed scene of domestic happiness, we find every civil, moral, and religious duty recognized and duly attended to. Economy and cleanliness are always visible, whilst the growing prosperity of the family bears witness to the value of these virtues. *Moderation* in all things is practiced, and, though *saving* is constantly enforced, it is not a *selfish* saving. It is a standing rule to remember the poor. Grateful to Providence for their numerous mercies, they make it a regular practice to seek out, and assist the distressed. Though affable and kind, their social visits are rather limited, having found that visiting and "parties" tend, in various ways, to undermine domestic happiness. Order contributes largely to domestic comfort; and hence, though the poor have many obstacles to contend with, in well regulated families we always find its principles less or more recognized. Where we find order, cleanliness, industry, affection, and piety, we have the component elements of domestic happiness. With these, manifested by a well disciplined family of children basking beneath a father's smile, he is highly flattered and proud of his station; his possessions, though limited to his wife, his children, and his domestic conveniences, are more valuable to him than a crown; and his situation, in fact, is the happiest this world can afford. In difficulties or trouble he has a counsellor at hand, in whose sympathy and advice, or in whose exalted resignation, he never fails to find relief. On a bed of sickness, the kind attention, the sympathetic tear, the condoling accents, the pious ejaculations of a faithful wife, impart a degree of fortitude, and create a feeling of animation and delight which could be deduced from no other source.

Allowing for the infirmities of human nature—for the inconsistency of earthly bliss—I take the liberty to affirm, if there be happiness in the world, it is to be found *here*. Let the selfish and the sordid come and visit this school of wisdom, from which they have hitherto disdained to take a single lesson. Come here, ye votaries of uncleanness, who, insensible to rational enjoyment, wallow in licentious pleasures which sting the heart, undermine the constitution, and will shortly sink you to perdition—come and learn where pleasures pure and permanent are to be had. Come ye vicious and immoral husbands and wives, who before God and the world promised and vowed to live together in holy matrimony, to love and cherish, to comfort and esteem each other, in sickness and in health, as long as ye both shall live,—and behold in the example of a happy family, how vastly you have fallen short of your duty, and how important it is that you should retrace your steps.

Next week the causes of domestic infelicity will be pointed out, and advice offered as to the best means of avoiding them.

BEDDING FOR THE POOR IN WINTER.

WHILE either poverty or improvidence continue to prevent a very great portion of the working people from enjoying the barest comforts of life, it is necessary that others should assist them by every expedient in their power. Never did I find the *bedding* of the poor in a worse condition than at present. In summer this privation is less felt; and many who get good wages, either through improvi-

dence or drunkenness, spend so much as to make no provision for winter, when they are frequently without employment, and their family expenses heavy. During the last summer many poor people, weavers especially, while out of work, were led to pledge or sell many articles of bedding, to avoid starvation. For these reasons it is now not uncommon to find five or six persons in one bed; consisting of wrappers filled with straw or a little dirty chaff, sometimes laid on a cellar floor, with no blankets, and in some instances not so much as either sheet or rug,—their body clothes, and the fragments of some old bedding forming their sole covering.

To prevent the recurrence of such suffering next winter, if the Lord will, I purpose to adopt the following plan, and if other individuals in this and other towns who have more time on their hands than I have, will attempt something similar, we need not have a single family without a plain comfortable bed. I will get the assistance of a few friends, and during the summer we will collect as many bedsteads as we can at a low price, either new or second hand; and also bedticks. The summer is also a favourable opportunity for purchasing Bolton cotton sheets, a most useful article of covering, and also of quilts. We can also bespeak from the farmers a large supply of good chaff, to commence delivering about November. These shall all be of a good quality, and bought at the lowest price.

Thus we shall establish what may be considered a *bedding depot*, for the poor. They shall be invited to subscribe during the summer for such articles as they are likely to need in such sums as they can spare; under the heads of—bedsteads—bedticks—chaff—cotton sheets—blankets—and quilts. This money once paid *not to be returned but in some of the articles named*, and these, to prevent any misappropriation, not to be delivered *before a certain day*—say the first of November. It is hoped a great number will avail themselves of this easy method of replenishing their bedding; and though some after all may misapply the articles, much more bedding will get into the hands of the poor, and much of the suffering endured this winter prevented. Another advantage is, that it will lead to more frequent communications with the poor, and afford a seasonable opportunity for persuading both men and women to save their money for the good of their families, instead of spending it improperly. And in cases of absolute necessity, here will be a stock ready, from which the benevolent can purchase to give to those whom they wish to relieve. This plan might with great propriety be taken up by the Provident Societies, being fully in accordance with the main object of such institutions.

The *bedding* of the poor has been very much *overlooked*. Hunger will force a man to seek, by some means, a morsel of food; nakedness cannot be long concealed, but is likely to attract the attention of some benevolent person; but poor people's bedding is generally unnoticed, and in fact its condition cannot be known, unless by special inspection.

"O! what a pleasure to have a comfortable bed to lie down upon" says the grateful individual, who, after the toils of the day, lays his head on his pillow and covers himself with two pairs of good blankets. And who would not willingly give a small portion of his time to put *all the poor* in possession of some part of *this comfort*?

"WHO'S HAPPY? NOBODY."

THIS had been the favourite saying, the grand answer-all, and conclude-all, of Mark Moon, for more than twenty years: say whatever you might to this keen tradesman—this bustling, bristling, eating, and drinking, corpulent man of the world, about improving society, reforming manners, customs, and institutions, and diffusing happiness, his reason for not aiding in any plan proposed; his reply to all importunities, his summing up of all evidence; and his final judgment were always invariably given in these words—"Who's happy? nobody." But a very curious circumstance at last entirely changed his mind. Times without number had he affirmed, that his favourite sentiment was not less evidently true, than that a grain of sand is smaller than the great

globe, and yet he found himself wrong. Again, and again had he declared, that it were as easy to convince him that the sun freezes the sea, the moon and stars melt rocks, and water does a man more good than malt liquor, as to make him believe that any body is, or can be happy. And yet he lived to be of the opposite opinion, and consequently to adopt a course of conduct, the very reverse of that to which his long-entertained notions had led him.

Mark had been an indulged boy, a spoiled youth, and a vain and frivolous young man. Still he had obtained for a wife, a very thoughtful, well-informed, and talented female. With her small fortune added to his own, he had dashed into one of those reckless speculations, which have in modern days been so common, and so fatal, and expecting soon to be a great man, he therefore at once began to act the great man. In vain did Mrs. Moon remonstrate, argue, beseech, and predict consequences. He would adventure, and he would be extravagant. In two years he was a bankrupt. He was then sure, that nothing but misery is to be found on earth. He drank to drive away care, but care would not depart; or if she seemed to turn away with a smile from the sparkling glass, she never failed to return armed with frowns and fury, as soon as the debauch was over. And although when in song, he misnamed her, *dull*; she turned a deaf ear to the sound, and was never tardy in giving him painful proof that she was his most active and energetic tormentor. And because care was thus his constant companion, he inferred, that the rich must have care; the poor must have care; the young and old, the afflicted and healthy, the thoughtless and the thoughtful, the non-religious and the religious, all must have their cares, disappointments, and troubles; and therefore nobody is happy. The world he called a wilderness clad in woe. Man he pronounced a mass of misery, mischief, and madness. There was, he maintained, nothing better for human beings, than that each should endeavour to get as many of the good things of the earth as were by any means to be secured; and to eat, and drink, and laugh, and sing, as much and as long as they were able; and this was all the happiness that mortals were permitted to taste. These notions of human life he used to support by references to the cases of those around him. Pride, petulance, and even piety he pointed to, as proofs that man is essentially restless, dissatisfied, ever craving, ever unhappy. Those who professed to be happy, he disbelieved and derided. Even Mrs. Moon he did not credit, when she used to assure him that she was content and happy in every condition through which she had been called to pass. To any observation about happiness being in the mind, and not in things around, he always replied with an air of great mental superiority, "don't tell me, hunger kills happiness." And when reminded of his standing opinion, that nobody is happy, his answer was "Well I only mean, that a fat trouble is better than a lean one." With these views, and many chances and changes of fortune in trade, he had at the time of his passing into better views, and a better state, attained his forty-fifth year,—was the father of two sons and three daughters, and for the last six months had been a widower.

"Father," said his daughter Emma, to him one evening as he sat smoking his pipe, with a tumbler of brandy and water before him, "I am glad to see you so happy to night." "Happy!" exclaimed he, "have not I always told you that no mortal being can be happy? "Yes, but my dear mother who is now in heaven, always assured me that every one might be happy, if he only took the right method to become so."

At these words, her father who had always been extremely fond of his departed wife, fixed his eyes on Emma's face, which was a perfect fac simile of the mother's, and gazed intensely in solemn silence. The daughter could easily read her parent's thoughts. She most distinctly saw the conflict within. She determined to seize the favourable opportunity, and make an effort to sooth his mind, to exact his ideas, and to conduct him to that state of human happiness, the reality of which he had never derived,

"I am most confidently persuaded" resumed she, "that my affectionate mother actually found very great happiness even on earth, for besides hearing her say so frequently while she was living that she did, I was again assured by her just before you came in."

"Why Emma, you are surely insane," ejaculated her father.

"No father, I am as composed, and as much myself as ever I was in my life, and I seriously declare to you, that not an hour ago, as I was sitting here by myself, deeply engaged in thinking of my dearly beloved mother, and her ways and sentiments, that I might make these more and more my own; she came in softly at the door as she used to do, and looked at me and smiled just as she was in the habit of doing. And somehow or other, instead of being affrighted, I gazed at her for a moment, and then said 'mother is that really you?' In her own natural tone she replied, 'it is no other than your own happy mother: I ever told you Emma that we might depend on it, that one of the most effectual modes of preparing for future happiness, is constantly to employ those means which secure present happiness; and these you already know by experience to be the improvement of your intellect, the exaltation of your moral powers, and the regulation of your desires, which you are well aware necessarily includes love of God and man, and in this I give you a mother's word for it, I was right.' I was about to rise for the purpose of embracing the dear object of my love, when she became enveloped in a resplendent halo of glory; heavenly music met my ears, I was entranced by the sight and sound, and ere I could move from this seat on which I seemed to be rivetted, the whole scene was withdrawn, and I was left alone to muse on what I had heard and seen, till you came in."

The father's eyes were filled, a slight convulsion agitated his frame, his tongue refused to give utterance to his swelling emotions, but he clasped his lovely and amiable daughter to his breast, and bedewed her cheeks with his tears. After a few moments, he in raptures exclaimed, "thy sainted mother was right, there is happiness on earth for man, and my Emma shall see me prove her words most true." And thenceforward instead of living for himself, and to himself, and reaping the natural and necessary rewards of such a course, disappointments, vexations, and woes, he lived for others, by doing all possible good, and evincing a sincere love of human-kind, while he steadily plied these means for self-improvement, on which his wife and daughter had always acted, and enjoyed the happiness which they give. Thus was the natural operation of human imagination, by which a daughter had wrought up in her own mind, a visionary scene, in which her departed, venerated, and loved parent, seemed to appear in person, the efficient instrument of working a grand moral reformation in a father. Truly the dispensations of Providence are as marvelous as they are glorious, wise, and good. C.

AGAINST EVERY SPECIES OF CRUELTY.

How many are the inventions of the votaries of cruelty! Less or more they are exhibited in bull-baiting, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, man-fighting, rat-hunting, hare-hunting, fox-hunting, racing, shooting, angling, and destroying birds' nests. Oh man! why dost thou not learn to respect the feelings of every creature made by the same hand as thyself!—to protect the weak and the defenceless, and not to punish and destroy! If it be necessary that any part of the animate creation should surrender their lives for the support of the human species, surely it ought to be effected by the least possible degree of pain and suffering. In amputating a limb, to save the life of an individual, who would think of making the operation a sport? or who would be so cruel as to add a single pang beyond what was absolutely requisite?

The sports wholly or partially abolished in this country, are those which were the most *vulgar* and *tumultuous*; not those which were the most *cruel*. And hence it is not uncommon to condemn a vicious practice among the poor, because by them it is exhibited to the public in all its unsophisticated deformity, and yet connive

at and tolerate the spirit of the same among the rich, being disguised by the glare of gentility. I offer the following remarks as illustrative of the practices in which a spirit of cruelty is manifested:—

Passing over the Moor, a flock of birds alighted on a piece of ground, rather clear of the snow. Three men set their eyes upon them, as intensely as a dog ready to pounce upon its prey—one of them remarking, "what a capital shot that would be."—"Would you like to take away the lives of those poor birds," said I, "which on account of the severity of the weather, have thrown themselves in your way? would you not rather shoot at a stoop?" "No," replied one, "I should like to have a pink at them." Speaking of this at dinner, one of my boys observed—"At Poulton they give a halfpenny a head for sparrows; but there is a gentleman who gives a penny for them alive in order to shoot at them." Now, if it be necessary that any of these birds should be destroyed, perhaps shooting is the most expeditious mode of shortening their pain; but to kill them without any regard to such necessity, merely for the pleasure of killing, is inconsiderate and cruel.

Hunting is still more cruel. If the hare be wanted for food, it can be caught without the cruel paraphernalia of a hunt. In reference to racing, it has been said that the horses delight in it, but this cannot apply to the unequal contest in which this little animal is compelled to engage. To cover a field with horses, and dogs, and men, to accomplish that which the game-keeper himself could do at any time, is about as consistent as to engage half a dozen stage coaches, the same number of gigs and cars, to carry home the young squire when he has taken a bottle too much. Here we have huntsmen, hounds, horses, riders, red-jackets, and a long train of idlers, all to chase, and terrify, and slaughter—what? a lion, a tiger? no—a poor harmless hare! Here they ride *splish splash*, over hedge and ditch, hallooing, defying the fences, and destroying the husbandman's labour, all for the pleasure of a chase, which ends in "the death" of a harmless and defenceless quadruped! Ridiculous and dangerous as the "steeples chase" may be, it is at any rate free from these features of cruelty. Pursuing a fixed object, whatever cruelty may be inflicted upon the horse or the rider, no animal is hunted as an object of prey, and put in fear of its life. Being unable to discover a single circumstance that can justify the hunting of hares, it is truly a subject of regret to notice that persons join in the chase who ought to be better employed, and whose presence and example would be beneficially transferred to other scenes. If exercise and manly sports be wanted, for humanity's sake let English gentlemen give us some more exalted proof of their prowess than the providing, thus cruelly, of a savoury dish for the epicure.

Some time since I witnessed a *duck-hunt*. About twenty men with seven dogs were in waiting. The harmless duck was turned into the water, and the dogs set upon it with all their ferocity. I watched the scene for some time, till my feelings would permit me to stay no longer. The men surrounded the pit to prevent its escape, and the dogs continued to pursue it till they were almost fainting for breath. I presume this was continued till the poor animal was seized by the fangs of its pursuers. I scarcely know any sport more cruel. In some animals there is a natural antipathy, which, when encouraged by brutal men, leads to mutual attacks, but wanton cruelty, and sheer idleness, alone could lead a set of men to hunt down a poor, harmless, unresisting duck, by savage dogs. The most awful oaths were uttered by some of the party; and I have reason to believe, that the sport terminated in an evening carousal at a public house. I remonstrated with some of them, and though an attempted defence of the practice was set up, it was evident that the admonition was felt, and that the presence of myself and friend was a drawback upon their pleasure. I think it is the duty of every Christian, who wishes to check vice, to visit all such scenes.

As an illustration of the cruelty connected with *angling*, I give the following from a friend in Manchester:—"A friend and I

were kindly invited by a noted 'dabster' to enjoy with him what he called a piece of *prime innocent sport*, in fishing for pike. The evening was very fine, and away we went to a celebrated water in Cheshire, situate in the midst of charming scenery. As the amusement was new to me, and I always loved the country, of course I expected nothing short of real enjoyment of the first order. How far I was gratified, may be gathered from what follows. Our guide carefully provided himself with worms of a proper polish, that is, they had lived a considerable time upon nothing, and rubbed themselves well in moss. In the first place, by thrusting a piece of crooked steel, barbed at the end, through the whole length of the body, he dexterously impales alive one of these defenceless works of God's creation, and in a writhing, agonized state, plunges it into an element contrary to its own nature. This he calls 'baiting the small hook'. Shortly, it may be, there comes a gudgeon, or some other little guileless fish, to end the misery of the worm, but, alas! to begin its own! Well, it swallows the bait, and the concealed instrument is rankling and tearing its little mouth, or throat, or stomach, by which it is suspended and drawn out of the water—springing to and fro, in all the dreadful contortions of excruciating pain! The hook is quickly torn through the bleeding mouth of this beautiful inoffensive little creature, by the ruthless hand of thoughtless cruelty; and what then? A knife is hastily used to make an incision nearly the whole length of the back, close under the skin, for the purpose of more easily inserting a large pike hook, which must be performed quickly, lest the fish should die too soon! This done, the helpless animal is again committed to its own element, fastened by a string, there to struggle and *live* till the pike unsuspectingly swallow him, and hook, and all! and in this state of agony they remain all night! In this way several 'lines' were laid that evening. Now without much comment, I make no manner of doubt, that fish and other animals are intended for man's food; but I cannot believe that an all-wise and merciful Creator will hold him guiltless, who wantonly tortures away their lives, especially for mere diversion."

Very shortly we shall approach the season for the incubation of birds. They will build their pretty nests—lay and sit upon their eggs, hatch their young, and feed them with paternal kindness.—Then comes the invader, searching mercilessly for the little habitation of the songster, and with rude hands and a callous heart, wantonly pulls down and destroys in a moment, the little mansion upon which immense labour and anxiety had been bestowed. Oh! parents, do not forget to warn your children of the wickedness of such conduct; and ask them how they would like their cottages to be invaded by some monster, and their limbs torn asunder by some beast of prey.

The horse and the ass are amongst the most useful animals in this country; and yet we are daily compelled to witness the cruelties inflicted upon them. I have frequently seen boys riding on donkeys, carrying a sharp-pointed instrument to push them forward; and the other day I noticed a lad striking one violently over the face with a thick stick. Horses are whipped and spurred unmercifully, as though they had no feeling, and nothing but the frequency of these deeds could reconcile us to them. During our six days' horse-fair in the winter, I have seen much of this; but the man who repeatedly lashes his horse, till it jumps through pain or fear, seems unconscious that he is inflicting any pain. If we see a man in a gig, rather *fresh*, the poor horse is almost sure to suffer.

We are become so familiar with various acts of cruelty, that our efforts to suppress it are not so prompt and decisive as they ought to be. Children should never be allowed to kill flies, nor put any insects to pain. Keeping birds in cages is a species of slavery to which I cannot feel reconciled. Tying rattling things to the tails of dogs, and turning them out into the street, is cruel and shameful. In driving cows or pigs, we should never strike viciously. These animals are as capable of feeling as ourselves; and yet it would seem that pain is inflicted by the lash with the utmost indifference."

PHRENOLOGY—THE BRAIN THE ORGAN OF THE MIND—ORGANIC LAWS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

MANY persons have maintained, that the brain cannot be the organ of the mind, because not only small portions but nearly one half of it has been destroyed, and yet the person, thus injured, has not exhibited any corresponding deficiency of intellectual energy. We should remember that, according to Phrenology, the brain is a double organ, each side or hemisphere of which is sufficient for the manifestation of the whole of the mental faculties. Long previously to the discovery of Phrenology, it was known to anatomists, that the brain was divided, longitudinally, into two hemispheres; and it was suspected that each side was possessed of the same specific functions, though the exact nature of these functions was unknown. We are led by analogy, as well as by anatomical considerations, to the conclusion, that, in point of fact, man is endowed with a double brain. This is in exact accordance with what is observed in other parts of the animal system. We have two eyes and two ears, and each eye or ear is perfectly competent to perform its functions independant of the other eye or ear. Thus it is with the brain. One side or hemisphere is sufficient for the manifestation of the different propensities, sentiments, and intellectual powers; but nature, for wise purposes, has gifted us with a double organ. The obvious consequence of this conformation of the brain is, that considerable portions of one side may be injured or destroyed by accident or disease, and yet the individual may not display any lack of right feeling or of intellectual power, exactly in the same way that, when a person has lost one eye, he is perfectly capable of distinguishing distinctly every object with the other.

From some of the published cases, however, it would appear, that considerable portions of both hemispheres of the brain have been injured or diseased, and yet the intelligence of the individual has not been impaired. These cases, when carefully examined, are not found to afford any solid basis for the supposition, that the brain is not the organ of the mind. Persons with their skulls fractured are carried into the hospital, and portions of brain afterwards come away; and because the patients, after they have got well, have been able to answer a few simple questions intelligibly, the cases have been presently published to show, that intelligence may exist after the loss of portions of both hemispheres of the brain. It is forgotten, in these cases, that the brain is the organ of the propensities and sentiments, as well as the organ of the intellectual powers; and that, consequently, a person might lose portions of both sides of the brain; he might lose portions of the organs of the propensities and sentiments without his intellectual faculties being at all affected. Of course, if the organs of the intellectual powers were injured or diseased, the functions of these organs would be necessarily interfered with; but even in such a case as this, the patient after he got well, would be able to answer the few simple questions which the surgeon would ask him, and then, if he were an antiphrenologist, the surgeon would publish the case, and consider phrenology to be annihilated. The following case, which is related by Dr. Epps, in his small work on Phrenology, will shew, that little reliance is to be placed upon assertions respecting the full possession of all the mental faculties after the loss of portions of both sides of the brain. A boy received a blow over the region of the reasoning organs, Causality and Comparison. He was carried into a hospital, lost a portion of his brain, in a short time got well, and could answer questions in a perfectly intelligible manner. Now, who would wish for a better case than this for the purpose of proving Phrenology to be baseless? But mark what follows. The boy was bound as an apprentice to some business; and when he had to exercise his reasoning organs in the affairs of this business, he began to experience a pain in that part of his head where he had originally received the blow; and ultimately he became subject to fits. When the boy was obliged to think, the pain was most severe,

and the fits most frequent; so that, at length, he was compelled to leave his employment, and undertake another which required little or no exercise of the reasoning faculties. If, in a similar manner, we could trace to their conclusion, those other cases where portions of both sides of the brain have been injured or diseased, there is every reason for believing, and none to the contrary, that these persons would be found to have ultimately exhibited some intellectual or moral deficiency.

Having thus shewn that the objections, which have been urged against the principle that the brain is the organ of the mind, rest upon a fallacious basis, and keeping distinctly in view, that the proposition involves no assertion as to the nature of mind itself, it may be observed, that the condition of the brain will materially influence moral and intellectual manifestations. There is nothing unreasonable in supposing, that if the brain be the organ of the mind, the state of this organ, whether depending upon temporary and accidental circumstances, or upon its innate and permanent constitution, will have considerable influence, for good or for evil, over the manifestation of intellectual and moral phenomena.—The brain, being one of the most important organs of the body, and possessing numerous and complicated relations with every part of the animal system, will necessarily have its functions influenced by whatever influences the system generally; and hence, other circumstances being the same, the power and activity of the intellectual and moral faculties will be augmented or diminished, according as the functions of the system, as a whole, are or are not regularly and harmoniously performed. Every one knows from his own experience, that, in particular conditions of his corporeal system, his temper is more irritable, his moral sensibilities are blunted, and his intellectual faculties do not act with their accustomed energy and activity. During sickness, for instance, many persons who, when in health usually manifest cheerfulness of disposition, and equanimity of temper, become peevish, fretful, and irritable;—even the slightest functional disorder of the stomach not infrequently produces the same effect; whilst it is matter of universal observation, that after a full meal, a person is much more disposed to sleep than to prosecute mental investigations. The inferences from these observations are, that persons ought to become acquainted with the digestive system of their own bodies, with the qualities and properties of the food they consume, and with the adaptation that exists betwixt themselves and the different varieties of aliment. This species of knowledge would lead men to avoid, or rather to regulate, the consumption of such articles, as would be likely to derange the digestive process, and, consequently, to derange the functions of the brain.—But, besides the temporary ones which have been mentioned, other evils result from imperfect digestion of the food; for if the food be not properly converted into chyme and chyle, there will be a deteriorated condition of the blood, which will operate most injuriously upon the brain; because in the course of the circulation, this deteriorated blood will be brought into intimate contact with the very substance of the brain itself. Besides, it should be remembered, that it is a physiological fact, the truth of which no body disputes, that every particle of the body is removed and replaced by new portions;—that this is a change which is in constant and uniform operation—that the new materials, by certain agencies, are separated from the blood, and that, of necessity, the proper healthy condition of the newly-deposited particles will, in a great measure, if not entirely, depend upon the healthy condition of the circulating fluid. Whether, then, we regard, simply, the healthy condition of particular portions of the animal economy, such as the organs of digestion; or look to the healthy condition of the organ of the mind, in its relation to placing a person in the most favourable position for sound, moral, and intellectual manifestations, we perceive the indispensable necessity of cultivating an acquaintance with, and of obeying the laws of that organised constitution, which it has pleased the Creator, in his infinite mercy, to give us.

VARIETIES.

THE SAGACITY AND KINDNESS OF A CAT.—A lady had a tame bird which was, every day, let out of its cage. One morning, whilst it was on the carpet, her cat (which had always shown great kindness for the bird) seized it suddenly, and jumped with it in her mouth upon the table. The lady was much alarmed, but presently discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came and dropped the bird, without doing it the smallest injury.—*Anecdotes of the Animal Kingdom.*

FREEDOM OF INDUSTRY.—One great advantage of civil society is the freedom of industry. Every adult person is considered by political economists a portion of accumulated capital. A mere labourer cannot be reared from infancy to manhood without the expenditure of a considerable sum in clothing and food. If to mere sustenance be superadded a costly education, or instruction in a useful trade, then the value is still further augmented, and the owner of such capabilities possesses as productive a source of revenue as a freehold estate. The industrious classes all possess more or less property of this description, in the free disposal of which, and its beneficial employment, they are as much interested as any capitalist can be in his ships, buildings, or machinery.—Now it is one of the advantages of civilization that industry as well as capital is protected, and both enjoy freedom and security in their application. As society advances the interests of the industrious will be still further promoted. Labour is the foundation of national wealth; and a wise policy prescribes that every obstacle to its development should be removed. Imposts which press on the springs of industry, as well as monopolies which restrict its freedom, must be abandoned. Exclusive privileges to trades may have been necessary in their infancy, like nurture to childhood, but they become fetters and impediments in maturity. The policy of entire freedom of industry is now generally recognised. The functions of government are limited to superintendence; they are the stewards of the *coûrse*, whose duties consist in seeing fair play, and removing obstructions, leaving the prize of opulence to the successful competitor.—*Wade.*

A SLAVE OWNER'S TABLE.—Travelling in one of the Southern States, Miss Martineau observes—"The following may be considered a pretty fair account of the provision for a planter's table, at this season; and, except with regard to vegetables, I believe it does not vary much throughout the year. Breakfast at seven; hot wheat bread, generally sour; corn bread, biscuits, waffles, hominy, dozens of eggs, broiled ham, beef steak or broiled fowl, tea and coffee. Lunch at eleven; cake and wine, or liqueur. Dinner at two; now and then soup (not good,) always roast turkey and ham; a boiled fowl here, a tongue there; a small piece of nondescript meat, which generally turns out to be pork disguised; hominy, rice, hot corn-bread, sweet potatoes; potatoes mashed with spice, very hot; salad and radishes, and an extraordinary variety of pickles. Of these, you are asked to eat everything with everything else. If you have turkey and ham on your plate, you are requested to add tongue, pork, hominy, and pickles. Then succeed pies of apple, squash, and pumpkin; custard, and a variety of preserves as extraordinary as the preceding pickles: pine-apple, peach, limes, ginger, guava jelly, cocoanut, and every sort of plums. These are almost all from the West Indies. Dispersed about the table are shell almonds, raisins, hickory, and other nuts; and, to crown the whole, large blocks of ice-cream. Champagne is abundant, and cider frequent. Ale and porter may now and then be seen; but claret is the most common drink. During dinner a slave stands at a corner of the table, keeping off the flies by waving a large bunch of peacock's feathers fastened into a handle,—an ampler fan than those of our grandmothers."

TEMPERANCE SOIREE.—At a soiree lately held at Belfast, forty-three persons delivered their sentiments, engaging a few minutes each. The following is an interesting selection of the observations made on the occasion:—"Drunkness stole into society unperceived: it must be openly hunted out.—Treating children instead of educating them, promotes drunkness.—Every tee-total man must have a tee-total wife, and then he will have a savings' bank in his own house.—I was drunk this night twelve months in a sheeban house. I am now a tee-totaler in a coffee house, more comfortable and happy.—I was on the spree this night twelve months. I am now happy and sober among tee-totalers.—Several men present served twenty years in a public house, and got no pension. The first day I became a tee-totaler, my pension commenced.—I was this night twelve months in a gambling house, and kicked out drunk on a charge of cheating.—Tee-total is like a saviour to redeem Ireland from drunkness.—This night twelvemonth, I lay out all night on the road-side, near Templepatrick: now I am a tee-totaler.—I formerly expended my money in drink and gambling: I intend now to expend it in the education of my family."

THE ASPEN LEAF.—The Scottish Highlanders account in a solemn way for the tremulous motion of the leaves of the poplar. They imagine our Saviour's cross was made of it, and that thence its leaves can never rest, but, like troubled spirits, shudder from the impression of that transaction which shook the solid earth, and made the graves give up their dead. But we cannot seriously explain the motion of the aspen by referring it to this cause; which was an event too important to require commemoration from such a trifle as the movement of a leaf. I should rather (without wishing, however, to advance any reflections on female loquacity,) be of opinion with the good Gerard, that the aspen-tree "may also be called *tremble* after the French name, considering it is the matter whereof women's tongues were made, as the Poets and some others report, which seldom cease wagging."—*Drummond's First Steps to Botany.*

THE POOR ARE NOT WHOLLY TO BLAME FOR THEIR VICES.—Without instruction in the principles which influence their condition, without examples of economy, order, and forethought in their early years, they have not an opportunity to become in after life anything more than children in understanding, and it not unfrequently happens that the most kind and generous hearts among them are the least gifted with the saving virtues by which the miseries of future penury and want may be averted. They are the orphans of society to whom every indulgence compatible with their own welfare should be extended. If they have been ignorant of their duties, the rich have neglected theirs. How can it be supposed the labouring man, doomed to unceasing toil, can discover those hidden causes of poverty which for thousands of years escaped even the scrutiny of the philosopher.—*Wade's History of the Middle and Working Classes.*

THE BEGGING TRADE.—Whilst every attention should be paid to our own worthy poor; and while a lodging, and food should be found for tramps as they pass through a town, care should be taken not to encourage professional beggars. The following from the Parliamentary Report, on the state of mendicity in the Metropolis, throws some light on the character of these:—"Beggars make great profits by various practices, such as changing their clothes two or three times a day, and getting money intended for others. Clear proof that a blind man, with a dog, got 30s. in one day. Another man got 5s. a day; he could, with ease, go through sixty streets in a day. Another got 6s. a day. A negro beggar retired to the West Indies with a fortune, it was supposed, of £1500. Beggars gain 3s. or 4s. a day by begging shoes. A woman alleged that she could go through sixty streets in a day, and that it was a bad street that did not yield a penny. Children are made use of to excite compassion. Beggars are furnished with children at houses in Whitechapel and Shoreditch; some, who look like twins, frequently carried on their backs. Children frequently sent out to beg, and not to return with less than 6d.—A girl of twelve years of age had been six years engaged in begging; on some days got 3s. or 4s.; sometimes more, usually 18d. or 1s.; on Christmas-day, 4s. 6d. One man will collect three, four or five children from different parts, paying 6d. or 9d. each, to go begging with them. A woman with twins, who never grew older, sat for ten years. Not once in a hundred times twins are the children of beggars. A night school, kept by an old woman, for instructing children in the language of beggars."

DISCOVERING AND LIBERATING TRUTH.—It is a doubt whether mankind are most indebted to those who, like Bacon and Butler, dig the gold from the mine of literature, or to those who, like Paley, purify it, stamp it, fix its real value, and give it currency and utility. For all the practical purposes of life, truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a schoolman, and those who release her from her cobwebbed shelf, and teach her to live with men, have the merit of liberating, if not of discovering her.—*Lacon.*

THE EXAMPLE OF THE PERSEVERING.—He that from small beginnings has deservedly raised himself to the highest stations, may not always find that full satisfaction in the possession of his object, that he anticipated in the pursuit of it. But although the individual may be disappointed, the community are benefited, first, by his exertions, and, secondly, by his example; for, it has been well observed, that the public are served, not by what the lord mayor feels, who rides in his coach, but by what the apprentice boys feels who looks at him.—*Ibid.*

THE BENEFITS OF LOVING MONEY.—To cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst. An ancient philosopher of Athens, where the property of the wealthy was open to the confiscations of the informer, consoled himself for the loss of his fortune by the following reflection; I have lost my money; and with it my cares; for when I was rich I was afraid of every poor man, but now that I am poor, every rich man is afraid of me.—*Ibid.*

THE EXAMPLE OF THE WHITE STORK.—Young Storks are known to treat their aged parents with the most tender affection, a fact with which the ancient Greeks were well acquainted, who founded on their observations of the bird, a law to compel children to support those who had cherished and protected them in their infancy. It is credibly asserted that the old storks are occasionally carried on the backs of the young, and that, when weak or enfeebled, they are laid carefully in the nests, and cherished by their filial brood.—*Harris's Natural History of the Bible.*

THE AFFECTION OF THE WHITE STORK.—"The affection which the stork manifests for her young has been proverbial from antiquity. She feeds them for a long period, nor quits them till they can defend and provide for themselves. She bears them on her wings, and protects them from danger, and has been known to perish rather than abandon them, an instance of which was exhibited in the town of Delft, in 1636, when a fire broke out in a house that had a stork's nest on it, containing young unable to fly. The old stork made several attempts to save them, but, finding all in vain, she at last spread her wings over them, and in that endearing attitude expired with them in the flames."—*Brit. Cyclop.*

AGAINST FIGHTING.—Non-resistance, and love of enemies, are the laws of christianity. "Of the consequences of forbearance, even in the case of personal attack, there are some examples: Archbishop Sharpe was assaulted by a footpad on the highway, who presented a pistol and demanded his money. The Archbishop spoke to the robber in the language of a fellow man and a christian. The man was really in distress, and the prelate gave him such money as he had, and promised that, if he would call at the palace, he would make up the amount to £50. This was the sum of which the robber had said he stood in the utmost need. The man called and received the money. About a year and a half afterwards, this man again came to the palace and brought back the same sum. He said that his circumstances had become improved, and that 'through the astonishing goodness of the Archbishop, he had become the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of his species.' Let the reader consider how different the Archbishop's feelings were, from what they would have been if, by his hand, this man had been cut off.—Barclay the Apologist was attacked by a highwayman. He substituted for the ordinary modes of resistance, a calm expostulation. The felon dropped his presented pistol, and offered no further violence. A Leonard Fell was similarly attacked, and from him the robber took both his money and his horse, and then threatened to blow out his brains. Fell solemnly spoke to the man on the wickedness of his life. The robber was astonished; he had expected, perhaps, curses, or, perhaps a dagger. He declared he would not keep either the horse or the money, and returned both. 'If thine enemy hunger feed him; for in so-doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.'—*Dymond's Essays.*

THE SWEET SENSATIONS OF MERCY.—"One of my boys," says Alexander Wilson, "caught a mouse in a school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it the same evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations which mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."—*Naturalist's Poetical Companion.*

AGAINST HIGH-MINDEDNESS.—"Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think." What a vast alteration would take place in society if this reasonable rule were attended to! If every one were to fall into his proper place in self-estimation (as he must eventually do in the estimation of others) how many mistakes—how much mortification would be prevented!—For it is in every sense true, that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased." They who value themselves on any account too highly, will certainly receive that humbling request from one or another—"Friend, go down lower." How wise, then, how secure are they, who voluntarily take the lowest room:—"He that is down need fear no fall." But it requires years and much experience to know ourselves; hence it is, that self-conceit is the fault of youth and ignorance: while we look for true modesty among the wise, the learned, and the venerable. How much better would it be to learn our own insignificance by observation and reflection, than to have it discovered to us by our friends and neighbours.—*J. Taylor.*

FLOWERS are the choicest productions of nature, and so confessedly do they stand superior to all others in beauty, that, when we would single out any object as the most lovely, or the most fascinating of its class, we call it, by way of eminence, *the flower*. Thus, the loveliest maiden of the village is "the village flower;" the sweetest poet is "the flower" of songsters; the wisest and best of kings is "the flower" of monarchs; the most eloquent of speakers is "the flower" of orators; and so, in every case, where we would point to that which delights us the most, we call it "the flower."—*The Florist's Magazine.*

WINTER CHANGES.—It amazes us, at this season of the year, as we walk abroad, to conceive where can have concealed themselves the infinite variety of creatures that sported through the air, earth, and waters of summer. Birds, insects, reptiles, whither are they all gone? The birds that filled the air with their music, the rich blackbird, the loud and cheerful thrush, the linnet, lark, and goldfinch, whither have they crept? The squirrel that played his antics on the forest tree; and all the showy and varied tribes of butterflies, moths, dragonflies, beetles, wasps and warrior-hornets, bees, and cockchafers, whither have they fled? Some, no doubt, have lived out their little term of being, and their bodies, lately so splendid, active, and alive to a thousand instincts, feelings, and propensities, are become part and parcel of the dull and wintry soil; but the greater portion have shrunk into the hollows of the trees and rocks, and into the bosom of their mother earth itself, where, with millions of seeds and roots, and buds, they live in the great treasury of nature, ready at the call of a more auspicious season, to people the world once more with beauty and delight.—*Hewitt's Book of the Seasons.*

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S CARE FOR THEIR YOUNG.—Could you cast a momentary glance on the nest of the humming-bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly-hatched pair of young, little larger than humble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from their parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair,—you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child. Then how pleasing it is, on your leaving the spot, to see the returning hope of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched. You might then judge how pleasing it is to a mother of another kind to hear the physician who has attended her sick child, assure her that the crisis is over, and that her babe is saved. These are the scenes best fitted to enable us to partake of sorrow and joy, and to determine every one who views them, to make it his study to contribute to the happiness of others, and to refrain from wantonly or maliciously giving them pain.—*Audubon.*

THE SUFFERINGS OF BOYS AT SCHOOL.—"I had hardships of various kinds to conflict with at school, which I felt more sensibly in proportion to the tenderness with which I had been treated at home. But my chief affliction consisted in being singled out from all the other boys by a lad of about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. I choose to conceal a particular recital of the many acts of barbarity with which he made it his business continually to persecute me. It will be sufficient to say, that his savage treatment of me impressed such a dread of his figure upon my mind, that I well remember being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees; and that I knew him better by his shoebuckles than by any other part of his dress. May the Lord pardon him, and may we meet in glory!"—*Dr. Southey's Life of Couper.*

LACONICS.—The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden: it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.—The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this: the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.—Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire.—As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.—The love of pleasure is natural to the human heart; and the best preservative against criminal pleasures is a proper indulgence of such as are innocent.—The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.—He submits to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—There are but three classes of men: *the retrograde, the stationary, and the progressive.*—A just man hateth the evil, but not the evil doer.—Men should be taught and persuaded by reason, not by blows, invectives, and corporeal punishments.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

When life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the bosom greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die!

When scarce is seiz'd some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Oh! then how easy 'tis to die!

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
When words of peace the spirit cheer,
And vision'd glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then, to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
When films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die!

A. L. BARBAULD.

ON THE GROSS ABUSE OF THE APPRENTICESHIP SYSTEM IN MOST OF THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

Where Nature, clothed in richest verdure, smiles,
And scatters beauty o'er Caribbean isles,
Oppression still his guilty power retains—
Still binds his victims in his hateful chains;
Heedless of Sorrow's sigh, and Misery's moan,
He thinks of gain, of sordid gain, alone.

And will Britannia see this guilt remain,
Her edict's spurn'd, her wealth bestowed in vain?
Will she permit Injustice to succeed—
Desert the negroes in their time of need—
Behold them still as beasts of burden driven,
Though for their freedom millions have been given?
It shall not be. O, let the mandate sound
From Cornish coasts to Scotia's northern bound.
Loud it shall sound across the western wave,
And break the fetters of the suffering slave;
Till our VICTORIA shall, delighted, see
That all the subjects of her realms are free.

Is there a man, deserving of that name,
So void of feeling, and so lost to shame,
As to compel, with tortures and with chains,
A fellow man to cultivate his plains?
It shall not be. Britannia has decreed
That every slave shall be for ever freed.
And though to lawless power the tyrant clings,
And to the winds the royal edict flings;
Soon shall her Senate, with a firmer voice,
Rend every chain, and make the slave rejoice.

And there is One, who hears the suppliant prayer,
Who makes the wretched his peculiar care;
Who, though enthroned in majesty sublime,
Marks all that passes in the scenes of time;
And from his all-glorious throne above,
Sees all his creatures with a Father's love.
Without his notice not a sparrow falls,
And unto him the poor for justice calls;
Vengeance is his, and in an awful day
He will most surely every wrong repay.

Liverpool Mercury.

WOMAN.

In all the stages of domestic life
As child, as sister, parent, friend, or wife,
Woman, the source of every fond employ,
Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
What could man boast, though ruler of the land?
How cold and cheerless all he could command!
Vain his ambition, vain his wealth and power,
Unless kind woman share his raptured hour;
Unless, midst all the glare of pageantry and art,
She add her smile, and triumphs in his heart.

Fragments on Woman.

THE ARAB TO HIS FAVOURITE STEED.

The Arab lives on equal terms with his steed. Having no other habitation than a tent, himself, his wife, and family, his mare and her foal, rest peacefully together; and little children are often seen to climb, without fear, upon the inoffensive creatures, which permit them to play with and to caress them without injury. An Arab never beats, but speaks to his horse, and seems to hold a friendly intercourse with it; while the faithful servant evinces equal attachment to his master, and is so tractable as readily to stop at that master's bidding in the midst of its most rapid course. The following beautiful lines well embody the grief and resolution of an Arab, who had been induced, by fear of poverty, to relinquish his favourite steed:—

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind,
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind:
The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful, farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare,
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care!

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be:
Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these, my exil'd one must fly;
Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,

And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel,—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely, then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.

Will they ill use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd; so gentle, yet so free:
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand which cast thee from it now, command thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanish'd from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step, alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
It was *here* he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!

When last I saw him drink!—Away, the fever'd dream is o'er,
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have lov'd too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now, shall claim *thee* for his pains!

MRS. NORTON.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads,
Friends, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, the e'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of every kind.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Printed and Published by J. LIVESLEY, 28, Church Street, Preston.
London—R. Groombridge, 6, Panier Alley, Paternoster Row. Manchester—
Banks and Co., St. Ann's Square: and Heywood, Oldham Street. Liver-
pool—Wilmer and Smith, Church Street; and J. Pugh, Marybone. Bir-
mingham—J. Guest, 95, Steelhouse Lane. Bristol—J. Wright, Bridge
Street. Leeds—Walker, 27, Briggate. Newcastle-upon-Tyne—J. Ren-
castle, 103, Side; and Caruthers, Great Market. Sunderland—Williams
and Biann. Edinburgh—C. Zeigler, 17, South-bridge. Glasgow—G.
Gallie, 99, Buchanan Street. Dublin—G. Young, 9, Suffolk Street.